



THE years have slipped away, love, and older we have grown. Since on a Cupid's day, love, my heart to you was shown.

It happened in this way, love, as you remember, too, I wrote a tender lay, love, and sent it straight to you.

It was a valentine, love, in which I truly said Unless you would be mine, love, I would, alas, be dead.

I prayed in every line, love, your sweet and perfect ways, And prayed you in my shrine, love, to worship all my days.

I said that roses red, love, were in your cheeks a-bloom; Your eyes were stars, I said, love; your breath a sweet perfume.

Your voice was music rare, love; your grace a fairy's own; And that your wealth of hair, love, like golden sunshine shone.

I promised to be true, love, and ever to adore; All this I said to you, love, in happy days of yore.

And now, though years have flown, love, our hearts are still as young As when at Cupid's throne, love, our first and songs were sung.

That valentine of yore, love, I now repeat to day With praises even more, love, than when I wrote the lay.

I thought I loved you then, love; I know I love you now; To you I kneel again, love, and greater love avow.

You're lovelier every way, love, more beautiful and sweet Than when that Cupid's day, love, allowed me to entreat.

I've found you are divine, love, your purity and worth Have made this home of mine, love, a haven on the earth.

So place this valentine, love, beside the one of yore, And tell me you are mine, love, as sweetly as before.

You are my sweetheart yet, love, and your true love am I, And we will not forget, love, to be so till we die.

—H. C. Dodge, in Chicago Sun.

An Unexpected Valentine



WHEN my dear Aunt Maud died—she died the very summer I graduated—I was really too heart-broken to care what became of me. Still, I had to be disposed of in some way, so it was decided that I go to live with my brother Richard.

I had always lived with my aunt, had known no other mother, therefore her death was the greatest blow possible to me. And this brother, Richard, I knew only slightly, and that when I was a mere child. If I had been in a state of mind to care about anything, I should have hated the idea of going very much. As it was, I went without a murmur. I took the journey alone almost clear across the continent, and subsequently, after many ups and downs, arrived at Dick's town, a queer little village in South Carolina.

Dick is a moderately young bachelor. He is an attorney-at-law, and has a very fair practice indeed. Anterior to any advent, he had lived by himself in a pretty cottage on the prettiest street, and was rather a central figure, and was quite the most eligible young man about town. He was not spoiled, though. I found him to be a very dear old fellow, and determined in my heart to be to him such a faithful cooperator and satisfactory housekeeper, that he would never need or desire any other.

We got on famously together, so famously that in all probability the last chapter would have found us still there, he a grizzled old bachelor, I a grizzled old maid, had not something occurred which brought about a change.

It all grew out of what happened one St. Valentine's eve.

On this day, memorable above other days, just about an hour after dinner Dick received a telegram to go up that evening to A—, a city 50 miles away, to meet an important client. He did not have time to come home, for the train was then in sight, but he scribbled me the following note, which I did not get until nearly night, because the office-boy neglected to bring it until that time:

Dear Girl: Have to leave on next train to meet a man in A—. Probably won't get home till to-morrow noon. Spend the night with the Aunt (a dear old lady friend of mine). Be sure to put that money in the bank before it closes at 4. Don't fail.

Dick.

It was such a bore to lock up at that late hour and go out for the night. It had been such a gloomy afternoon, and looked like it would rain. Altogether I did not feel like it. I was not afraid, though I had never stayed alone all night in a house. And the money—several thousand dollars collected for a client—surely I could not at seven put money in a bank that closed at four. I could not very well carry it with me to the Aunt's, and I certainly could not leave it.

I had never heard of any burglaries in this village, so I made up my mind that I would stay at home that night and take the risk, if there were any, because it was troublesome to do otherwise.

I did not want any tea, so I let the servant girl go early; and sat, neglecting even to light the lamps, before a big oak fire in the sitting-room "thinking up" one of Dick's cases. It was a murder case, that had a great deal of circumstantial evidence leading in various directions.

I soon became deeply absorbed; so deeply that I presently went to sleep at it, and in a dream saw our poor man tried, convicted and actually sentenced to be hanged, and was myself possessed of a frantic desire to attend the hang-

I knew some one was cutting through the Venetian blinds into the house. My faintest doubt vanished soon, when I unmistakably heard the blinds dragged back and the sash creak as it was pushed up. Some one was entering the house! This person, whoever it was, knew of my brother's absence. Good Heavens! I thought of Henry, our office man. He brought the note—an open note. It was he who caused the delay which prevented my depositing the money. It was as clear as day. I rose rigidly to my feet. In a twinkling my mind was acutely active, and a thousand ways of escape surged through my brain in a moment. I unlocked the cabinet and grasped the large pocketbook which contained the notes, and thrust it into my bosom. To what purpose I did not know. I retreated into the dense darkness of my own bedroom, where I stood uncertain and shivering.

The windows were too high from the ground to admit of my jumping therefrom without incurring the risk of a broken limb; besides, there was no time. At the first sound of my putting up the sash, I would be detected and overpowered. I heard a heavy tread along the hall. An idea flashed into my head like the incision of a blade. I clutched the money in my bosom and

misguided young man, who held me across his knees and wiped the blood from my broken forehead on that memorable St. Valentine's morning. Imagine it, and tell me if men through stupidity don't cause half of all the trouble in the world. We explained it all to each other as best we could, for I was really ill, and quite ready to go off into another swoon.

When the servant girl came he went for the doctor, and Mary got me to bed. Dick came at noon, and was horrified at what had happened. But the doctor had pronounced me more frightened than hurt; and really, but for the dreadful cold I caught, and my wounded forehead, it did not amount to anything, and soon became a tremendous joke.

And it turned out that this friend of Dick's, whose acquaintance I made in such an unconventional fashion, was the very client whose money I defended.

And it also came about that—that he—that I—that we have—we have grown to know each other very well; and Dick—Dick is to look out for another cooperator before next fall; because—well, for reasons best known to myself.—Bessie Tobin, in Detroit Free Press.

ST. VALENTINE AND HIS DAY.

Origin of the Holiday—Something About Its Ancient and Modern Observance.

St. Valentine was a priest of Rome who suffered martyrdom in the third century. Historians differ as to the year, some placing it in 270, others in 360, but agree that he was beheaded on the 14th of February. Legend tells us that his life was one of singular virtue and his death befitting a saint. History having so little to say of this godly man, endeavors to make amends by dwelling at length on the ceremonies and festivities observed on his day, but the good bishop himself seems to have little or no connection with the practices to which the 14th of February has since been given up. This day is thought to be especially devoted to the business of Cupid and Hymen. Possibly that it is the season when birds choose their mates may be the origin of this belief. Again, it has been supposed that it may have originated from the fact that the Lupercalia feasts of ancient Rome, in honor of Pan and Juno, were held in February, and that amongst the ceremonies practiced a favorite one was to put the names of the women in a box, to be drawn by the men; each man being bound by all the rules of chivalry to serve and honor the woman whose name he had drawn. But in olden times the day was taken much more seriously than later. Comic valentines and absurd letters were then unthought of; and if letters of any kind were sent they contained only a courteous profession of attachment from man to maid, venturing a modest hope that his love might meet with some return. Many a bashful lover found courage on this auspicious day to avow a devotion which otherwise might have remained unconfessed for an indefinite period.

Mission, a learned traveler of the early part of the last century, gives the following account of the principal ceremonies of the day: "On the eve of St. Valentine the young folks in England and Scotland, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together, each writes his or her or some feigned name, upon separate billets, which they roll up and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets and the men the maids', so that each young man lights upon a girl whom he calls his valentine, and each of the girls upon a young man whom she calls hers. By this means each has two valentines, but the man sticks faster to the valentine who has fallen to him than the valentine to whom he has fallen."

Another old custom was to throw open the window early in the morning, and the first unmarried person of the other sex who appeared was the destined husband or wife. Needless to say, every properly-devoted swain would assuredly be in the right place on that morning.

For many years past it has been the fashion to send dainty creations of paper lace decorated with hearts, roses, cupids, love-knots, etc., with all kinds of love-like quotations in gilt and silver letters, but this custom, too, is almost done away with. Lovers content themselves now with exchanging dainty gifts and tender messages, a much more sensible and satisfactory way of expressing their devotion.

Almost any pretty gift is suitable to offer at the shrine of St. Valentine, but flowers head the list. Books, pictures, photographs, card cases, purses, jewelry, etc., are all appropriate and pretty as valentine presents. It is quite the custom of late years to give an evening party on the 14th of February, presenting each guest with an appropriate souvenir of the season.

"I should just like to know, though," said the ten-year-old sage of the household, after reading the above, "why, if the young men think it necessary to send valentines to their sweethearts, they don't keep on sending them after they're married. Wouldn't the wives like it, don't you think? You bet they would! And aren't they better than sweethearts? Pshaw! what does a sweetheart do for a fellow, and just see what a wife does! I'll wait till I'm married to send my valentine!"—Mrs. S. H. Snider, in Housekeeper.

A GREAT SUCCESS.

The Treasury Was Overwhelmed with Bond Bids.

Proposals for Nearly Six Times the Amount Secretary Carlisle Thinks the Success of the Issue Will Have a Good Effect.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—Four thousand six hundred and fifty bids for \$558,269,850 worth of bonds. Such was the tremendous total of the subscriptions opened at the treasury department yesterday in accordance with the terms of the call issued a month ago inviting proposals for \$100,000,000 of United States four per cent. bonds, to run for 30 years from February 1, 1895. These figures do not include about \$120,000,000 of "crank" bids rejected as bogus.

The immense offerings astounded experts. The bids literally swamped the treasury department, which was so taken by surprise that at six o'clock last night, although extra clerks had been hurriedly drafted, the work of tabulating the bids were still in progress, and it was impossible to tell with definiteness how many bids and for what aggregate had been received at figures in advance of the upset price 110.6877, at which a syndicate, composed of J. P. Morgan & Co., Harvey, Fisk & Co. and the Deutsche Bank of Berlin offered to take the whole loan. The bids ranged from par up to a single \$50 bid at 150. It is impossible, therefore, to say at this time how the awards will be made.

Treasury officials regard the loan as a complete success, both as to the popular subscription feature and the prices obtained. Bids came from several thousand individuals and from hundreds of national banks and other banking institutions. Nearly all the leading New York bankers and big insurance companies were represented in the list of bidders, but with few exceptions they were out-manuevered by the Morgan syndicate.

Owing to the confusion caused by the magnitude of offerings and consequent delay in classifying and scheduling the bids, any authoritative statement of policy that will be pursued cannot be made at this time. As the great bulk of the offerings were below the Morgan figure, it is believed that the syndicate headed by the great New York banker will be accepted for at least \$50,000,000, and possibly more. In any event, no bid below the syndicate rate of 110.6877 will be accepted, as that rate covers the entire loan. It is understood that Mr. Morgan will procure a part of the gold from abroad and will not need to deplete the treasury to furnish any part of the gold called for under his bid.

Secretary Carlisle was greatly pleased at the success of the bond offerings. He said no definite statement could be made as yet concerning the awards to successful bidders, or how far, if at all, he would exercise his option of rejecting any or all bids. He said the success of the loan showed what the people of this country would do when appealed to. He thought, too, that the effect abroad would be very marked in our favor.

The secretary said it would be three or four days before the bids could be verified, scheduled and classified, and until that time he could give no definite information as to how low bids would be accepted. He believed, however, from hearing the names and amounts read, that it would be necessary to accept some bids at a rate slightly lower than 111, but how many or in what amount he could not now tell. The great success of the issue he thought would have a very beneficial effect upon the financial and commercial interests of the whole country, and he looked forward to a year of marked business improvement.

WHAT UNCLE SAM MAY DO.

Proposed Fistic Carnival at El Paso Likely to Be Spoiled by the Government.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—It is learned here that some correspondence has passed between the governor of New Mexico and the United States district attorney for that territory and the department of justice at Washington with a view of preventing the proposed fistic carnival which is to be held near El Paso, Tex., from taking place in that territory. The governor of the territory is anxious to stop the holding of the carnival in New Mexico and is willing to do all in his power to bring about that result. Should the Catron bill passed by the house receive favorable action at the hands of the senate and be signed by the president before the date of the carnival, and the belief in official circles is that such will be the case, the national government will take steps to prevent the fights, using the federal troops if necessary.

Will Restore Confidence.

LONDON, Feb. 6.—A New York dispatch to the Daily News says: "The success of the loan is astonishing and shows that the investing public does not fear that the country will adopt a silver standard." The Daily News says in an editorial on the same subject: "Certainly, compared with previous experiments of the kind, its popularity is remarkable, and President Cleveland's confidence is amply justified. Its success will repair the damage to credit and will steady public confidence. Still, Secretary Carlisle will not fail to impress upon his countrymen the costliness of these experiments for maintaining the reserve."



I SOON BECAME DEEPLY ABSORBED.

ing in person, my non-appearance being wholly due to the fact that I could not find my shoes, being separated from them for some unexplainable reason.

I woke up suddenly, frightened to find myself enveloped in darkness, relieved only by an uncanny red glow from the fast-dying coals upon the hearth. Everything was so still. Not the smallest sound except the ticking of a little clock in my darkened bedroom, and the clicking of the dying coals.

I was possessed with a strange sinking fear. I was afraid to move, afraid to turn my head to the left or right lest I see something lurking in the gloomy corners. I was cold, too, and trembling. The room was chilled; I fancied it must be just before dawn.

My fear increased rather than diminished as the moments dragged by. I could hear my heart beating. I soon became enthralled by terror. I had a kind of instinctive animal fear of impending danger. I thought of the money. It was locked up in the cabinet at my right hand, not two yards away. I found myself listening painfully, tortuously. My throat seemed swollen. I swallowed in gulps.

I endeavored to rally my courage, to persuade myself that I was awakened from a nightmare and was nervous; that there was nothing to fear, and that I was making a baby of myself. All to no purpose. Something was going to happen; something was happening at that moment which would bring me hurt.

I could not throw off the notion. Just then it began to rain—a regular downfall, as if the bottom had suddenly fallen out of the clouds. I have never known it to rain so heavily. A perfect deluge, and every drop seemed to penetrate my soul. I did not move. I lay back in my cushioned chair helpless, and felt that I could not have raised my hand to my face if my life were the forfeit. Such pouring! I found myself listening behind the rain—behind all the pattering noise—listening for another sound. I had a grotesque idea that the elements and this something that was coming to me were colligued together, the one to screen the approach of the other.

I was listening with every fiber of my body drawn taut. Listening for what? I did not know. Something beyond, behind the rain. Then I heard it. A sound distinct from the rain-patter. A sound emanating from our little drawing-room—a scraping, sawing sound. It came from the front portico.

stepped into the empty fireplace. In another moment I was scrambling up the sooty chimney with the agility of a finished chimney-sweep, and I kept scrambling till I made a stronghold for myself.

What went on down below I did not know. In the cessation of the rain I could hear the heavy tread passing to and fro in a search, I knew, for that money. But I, from my lofty vantage ground, could only thank Heaven again and again for such a blessed deliverance.

I was so benumbed with cold and fright that I think I lost consciousness, and would probably have tumbled down the chimney but that I was so rigid and so walked in I could not.

The next thing I remember was opening my eyes and seeing the square of wan light above me. Then realizing all, my strength gave way, and I fell heavily, striking my head against something which left me senseless for hours. When I came to myself, I was in the arms of a young man whom I had never seen before. He sat upon the floor, and held my head across his knees, while he wiped the blood from my cut forehead with a pocket handkerchief, which every now and then he would squeeze out in a basin of water at his elbow.

I don't suppose there was ever a more terrified young man upon this earth of ours. Imagine an inoffensive young man turning up in a town where an intimate friend lived, coming in on the very train that takes this intimate friend out. Imagine the intimate friend cordially inviting the newcomer to his house, telling him there was nobody in it, but that he could put up there, make himself lord and master, find plenty to eat by foraging around and get a good bed. Then to make the thing complete, give him the wrong keys by which to let himself in. Imagine this newcomer booming about town until 11 o'clock, then striking out for his friend's abode; overtaken by the rain; at last to arrive at his intended abiding place to discover he has the wrong keys, which necessitates his climbing into the house like a burglar. Imagine him piling into the first bed he comes to, very soon sinking off into the untroubled slumber of the innocent at heart, to be awakened at the peep of day by a something tumbling down the chimney. Not a hobgoblin—that were better—but a young woman, bespattered and grimy, but still a young woman and one probably more dead than alive. Imagine it all, if you can, for that is what happened to the